

Fair Play.

S. HENRY SMITH, Proprietor.



THURSDAY, - OCT. 30, 1873.

HOME AND SURROUNDINGS.

Old newspapers for sale at this office.
Harry Shaw, Esq., City Assessor, will
pay you a visit shortly.

Our city lawyers have all gone to attend
court at Perryville.

Circuit Court meets next Monday.
Law-breakers—beware.

Mr. Joseph Buchler, an old resident of
this city, died on Monday morning, last.

Mr. Felix Winston lost a little boy last
week. He had been sick for several weeks.

The best Swiss Cheese and other articles
in the eating line at Edward Seydel's.
Go and see.

All those who are of a speculating turn
of mind should read the "Assignee's Sale,"
by Mr. Cox in another column.

Our County School Superintendent
C. C. Kerling, Esq., started on Monday
morning last, on a tour to visit the different
schools in the county.

An extra press of Job work, and the
publication of the city ordinances will account
for the lack of interesting reading
matter this week.

We still contend—notwithstanding the
"timid" of the New Era's ideas—that
we can and will do better Job Printing
than any office in Southeast Missouri.

We are informed that our young friend,
Kilis Harris, who is now living in Memphis,
has had a slight attack of "Yellow Jack."
He has recovered and is all right again.

Our readers will find it to their interest
to read the city ordinances carefully. The
most essential ones of which will be published
in the Fair Play and Free Press.

If any of our subscriber who doesn't
happen to have paid their subscription for
this year, have a spare \$1.50 about their old
clothes, we would be very happy to see them.

The St. Louis banks have resumed payment,
and we may expect soon to see times
enter again. Our friends will soon find a
good market for their wheat and other pro-
ducts.

Don't forget that you can make close
connection with all the regular packetts
between St. Louis, Memphis and Vicksburg,
by taking Joe Boy's bus. It makes sure
connections with all the packetts, both day
and night.

Two Gentlemen were brought before
the city Mayor on Monday last for loitering
too long on the streets at night. They were
fined three dollars and costs. Look out!
You'll be!

The Board of Trustees of Public schools
for this township went to have held a meeting
on Saturday night last, but not enough
members were present to constitute a quorum,
in consequence of which they adjourned
to some future time.

What wasn't it cold Monday Morning?
Gloves and over coats were in re-
quial. Better be laying in your winter
supply of fire wood. We had a slight
sprinkle of snow during Monday night,
and almost enough ice for skating purposes.

We notice that some of our neighbor-
ing towns are holding concerts, exhibitions,
fairs, etc., for the purpose of raising funds
to assist the sufferers in Memphis, who are
so sorely afflicted with the Yellow fever. I
stated that the people are dying at the
rate of twenty-five to one hundred per day.
It strikes us that our little city might do
something to assist in alleviating their suffer-
ing a little.

The Ball at Union Hall, on Tuesday
night, was largely attended and passed off
very pleasantly. Mr. Jokers deserves
great credit for the pains and trouble he
takes to make everybody enjoy themselves.
You need not be afraid if you go that you
will not get to dance, Mr. Jokers takes
particular pains to see that all are accommodated.
He also secures the very best music
that money will procure in this locality.

Notwithstanding the failure of Joy
Cooke & Co., and the suspension of various
banks in the United States, we wish it distinctly
understood that Smith's Job Office
has not suspended, and does not intend to,
but will continue to do legitimate business
in proper "form" under safe "lock" at his
paper "bank," as heretofore, and will
"stick" to business though the "press" is
hard, and endeavor to "quoin" money by so
doing.

From the Free Press.

There was a shooting affray last week
in this country, which considering all cir-
cumstances, might have proved very fatal to
a certain man. The facts, from what we can
hear, are just about this: There lives inside
of a hundred miles from here, a "wad to do"
man who loves to drink cider and also vices in
a while, a bottle or so to his neighbors
and friends. Now, one evening last week this
man who loves cider, and many, went to
his neighbor's apple orchard with a large
lamb to look after his pigs. So while
looking for fine pigs, he was espied by his
neighbor, who mistaking him to be one of the
Ste. Genevieve bank robbers, and, as he is, wished to pocket the
reward offered by that institution, hastened
for his shooting iron, a terrible exploder,
(a misnomer we believe) to capture the
supposed thief. Now had this elder
man been troubled with rheumatism in his
legs, we believe his hash would have been
settled, but his legs being in a sound,
healthy condition he got a little the start of
his pursuer and was just about to mount
over the fence when—there came a sharp
report and our cider man stumbled from
the fence like a crippled turkey gobler,
bruising his hands and face in a shocking
manner, otherwise no wounds. We believe
Dr. Eisenhardt was called to tend on him.

Moral: If thou hast pigs and looketh
for them in thy neighbor's apple orchard,
thou shouldst not take with thee a basket
but rather—a sack.

Burial Notices pasted 1st at the
office, cheap.

Parochial Schools.

The religious element in the Irish
benevolent societies lately in session
in St. Louis was very successful in
making ridiculous both itself and the
cause it advocated. It denounced
the public school system, secret societies
—that is, all secret societies
which omit the celebration of mass
from their ritual—and everything
else that does not get about on its
knives, with its face to the Vatican.
One clerical ass announced that the
children from the public schools "turn
out to be learned horse thieves, school
aristocrats, counterfeits, and well posted
in all kinds of deviltry." Another
clerical ass said they "would as soon
send their children to pest houses,
bury them, as to let them go into the
public schools. They were a rascallish
child who left home in the morn-
ing would come back with something
in his heart as black as hell.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue and authority of an execution issued
from the office of the clerk of the circuit court of the county of Ste. Genevieve,
and state of Missouri, bearing date the 12th of May, 1873, and to me the undersigned sheriff directed in favor of John B. Robinson and against Frederick C. Festner, he having levied upon and seised all the right, title, interest and claim of the said Frederick C. Festner, of and to the following described real estate situated, lying and being in the county of Ste. Genevieve, in the state of Missouri, to-wit: Beginning at the north fork of the Gaborie creek, the same north along the gravel road leading to Rock Haven, to a point on the east side of said opposite the southeast corner of the lot of ground formerly owned by John D. Kinn, now owned by Christie Luedke, containing one hundred and seventy-five feet, then thence eastwardly to the Mississippi river, down said river to the mouth of the north fork of Gaborie creek, thence up and north fork of Gaborie creek to the place of beginning, being in the county of Ste. Genevieve, in the state of Missouri, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of a lot on the west side of the gravel road leading to Rock Haven, owned by John D. Kinn, now owned by Christie Luedke, containing one hundred and seventy-five feet, then thence southwardly to the south end of a lot on the west side of the gravel road leading to Rock Haven, owned by John D. Kinn, now owned by Christie Luedke, containing one hundred and seventy-five feet, then thence westwardly to the west end of a lot on the west side of the gravel road leading to Rock Haven, owned by John D. Kinn, now owned by Christie Luedke, containing one hundred and seventy-five feet, then thence northwardly to the north end of a lot on the west side of the gravel road leading to Rock Haven, owned by John D. Kinn, now owned by Christie Luedke, containing one hundred and seventy-five feet, then thence eastwardly to the east end of a lot on the west side of the gravel road leading to Rock Haven, owned by John D. 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